SPIRITS THAT SMELL OIL.

FORTUNES WON THROUGH FAITH IN

Many Cases in Which Supernatural Insight Is leved by OH Men to Have Located Big Wells-Also Many Cases in Which That Insight Has Been Misdirected to Their Cost.

BOLIVAR, N. Y., Oct. 23.-The story of the oil regions is a never-ending romance. Almost from the day when Col. Drake completed his famous well near Titusville in 1859, and tapped the great flood of petroleum that has enriched the world, Spiritualists, scientific men, philosophers, and oil smellers have tried their hand at locating oil pools and wells with varying suc cess, and occasionally a stake has been set to zatify the whim of a dream. During the last mear two wells, located by spirits, have been drilled near Bolivar, and at present the drill is bouncing in a well that a medium says will fill with oil when the sand is tapped. In all of the oil fields a few wells are drilled every year on locations picked out by mediums.

The first oil-well medium to spring into fame was Abram James of Pleasantville, Pa. One day in the fall of 1867 he was driving from Pithole to Pleasantville in company with two oil operators. A mile out of Pleasantville the "spirit" took possession of him and he hurriedly jumped out of the buggy and climbed farm. He raced about the field for several minutes like a madman, and then moved cautiously toward the north corner of the field as if tracing out a lode or vein. At a certain spot he was thrown violently to the ground. He punched a hole in the soft earth with his finger. placed a penny in the hole, covered it up, and then fell upon his bosom. While apparently unconscious he said that the spirits told him that under that exact spot and extending for several miles in a certain direction was a rich pool of oil. His companions did not know what to make of his strange actions and had no faith in his statement. James had faith. He secured a lease of the farm, borrowed money enough to drill a well, and when it was completed, on Feb. 12, 1868, it started off at over 100 barrels a day. Sand was found at a depth of 550 feet, and every farmer for miles around became

Hundreds of wells were drilled about there and a prolific pool was opened, and Pleasantville had a boom. James, under the direction of his "spirit," located a dozen or more paying wells and accumulated a fortune. His reputation was made when he completed the first well which was known as the Harmonical No. 1. James was a man of fine intellect and loft principles. Many rejected his theories of the supernatural, but none questioned his sincerit; To show that he was not infallible, it may b well to state that he located a well on the Clar ion River in 1874 under "spirit" guidance. This well was drilled 1,800 feet deep at an expense of

well to state that he located a well on the Clarfon River in 1874 under "spirit" guidance. This
well was drilled 1,800 feet deep at an expense of
\$6,000, and it was as dry as a powder horn.
Spirit mediums located four good wells near
Pithole, and also many wells that were dry.
William Barnsdall of Titusville made a fortune in oil and came near losing it, owing to his
faith in spiritualism. His daughter, who was a
medium, located one good well, and he had such
absolute faith in her ability that he was almost
bankrupt before he ceased to follow her advice.
The first well she located was a good one. All
the reat were failures. Another Titusville man
was not so fortunate. He was Jonathan Watson, an eccentric man, who was known in Titusville in those days as an oil king. He and his
wife were ardent Spiritualists, and Mrs. Watson caught the craze for locating spirit wells.
She insisted that a well be drilled on a certain
spot on the McCray farm, near Titusville.
The spot selected was under a sandstone
boulder as large as a two-story house. The
cost of excavating and removing the boulder
was enormous. When the well was completed
it produced four barrels a day. On the same
farm, and 400 feet from the spirit well. Col.
Kaffer of Philadelphia completed a well that
started off at 400 barrels a day. Riefore Watson
quit experimenting he had lost his entire fortune of about \$1,000,000. Domestic troubles
aliving by peddling notions about the streets of
Titusville. In a generous moment, during his
palmy days, he gave to his hostier a fine house
in Titusville. In a generous moment, during his
palmy days, he gave to his hostier a fine house
in Titusville. In a generous moment, during his
palmy days, he gave to his hostier a fine house
in Titusville and moved into a mansion that he
had just completed. Only twenty-five acres of
the McCray farm were productive, and that
small section of it has produced more than 1,000.

One day in the seventies a medium with whisheres as long as Pather Time's appeared at North
here fo

out locations for six wells at Sarnia, in the Canadian oil field, receiving \$60 a well for his services. One of the wells was drilled by a Bolivar company, and it is a matter of record that every one of the six wells was a dry hole. A Spiritualist was allowed to locate a well last year in the gas field at Seneca Falls, N. Y. It turned out to be the only uscless well drilled in that neighborhost.

A Spiritualist was allowed to locate a well last year in the gas tield at Seneca Falls. N. Y. It turned out to be the only uscless well drilled in that neighborhood.

When the oil beom caused Bolivar to flourish early in the eighties a German philosopher came to town with a mineral rod. He said he was able to locate paying oil wells, and he had a trial on the Emerson farm, close by the village. While the well was drilling it attracted much attention. Only a trace of oil was found, and the day it was finished the German and his mineral rod went over the hill and disappeared in the forest.

At Belmont, N. Y., in the spring of 1896, a farmer named Leilous had a vision in which the spirit of Leonard Willits, a former Belmont citizen who amassed a fortune in the oil field, appeared to him and told him that a rich pool of oil was under the Leilous farm. At least that was the farmer's story, and as he invested \$7.00 of his own money in a stock company organized to drill the well, no one doubted his sincerity. The drill was sent down 2.500 feet, but only a trace of oil was found. This did not discourage Leilous entirely and he is now trying to organize a company to drill another well in the same locality. It is not stated on what night in the spring Leilous saw the vision. It might have boen on April 1, and if so the spirits were playing a \$700 loke on him.

A few weeks ago an oil smeller went from Ohio to Whitesville, twenty-five miles east of Bolivar, where an effort has been made for several years to develop a pool of oil, and located a well that is now drilling. All of the wells drilled in that vicinity have shown traces of oil and produced a smell quantity of gas, but none of them has produced either in paying quantities. If the spirit should open the long-looked for oil pool, the scoffers would be compelled to hold up their hands.

One of the best wells in the famous Chipmunk Pool in Cattarangus county was located in a

for oil pool, the scoffers would be complete the for oil pool, the scoffers would be complete the best wells in the famous Chipmunk. One of the best wells in the famous Chipmunk and the oil would be complete the famous county was located by a chartening of the chartening of t

hold up their hands.

One of the best wells in the famous Chipmunk pool in Cattarangus county was located by a woman who had a dream that oil would be found on a particular spot on the McCaffrey farm. Twenty years ago a rig was built on the McCaffrey farm. Twenty years ago a rig was built on the McCaffrey farm for a test well, but before the drill was started the promoters were lured away by a more promising outlook in another locality, and the derrick was torn down and moved away. The night after the rig was moved Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey dreamed that the well had been completed, and that a stream of oil had flowed over the top of the derrick.

"We talked about that dream so much," Mrs. McCaffrey said to the writer, that, somehow, we felt sure there was oil under our farm. In all the years that passed we never lost faith, and lest spring, when the oil boom came to the Chipmunk Valley, we felt ectain that our dream would be realized. At first wells were drilled only at the upper end of the valley, but gradually the belt extended toward our farm and we could scarcely wait until we had leased a part of our farm to Bradford mon. When they came to locate the first well. I told them of our strange dream of twenty years before, and to humor me they drove the stake where the derrick had been torn down so long before. For two nights before the well was completed Mr. McCaffrey and I could hardly sleep, we were so nervous over the outcome. When the well was shot, sure enough, the oil flowed high above the derrick top and the well produced 200 barrels a day. Mind you, I don't say that I believe in dreams, but that one came true, anyway."

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The most singular thing about the McCaffrey farm is that some dry holes have been drilled within two hundred feet of the well located by Mrs. McCaffrey. Other stories of good wells located in a similar manner can be verified, but

Mrs. McCafrey. Other stories of good wens located in a similar manner can be verified, but there are many justances where the dreamers were deluded by false hopes.

Fred Bell, a Bolivar off-well worker of many years' experience, has unbounded faith in a half-breed who lives in the Pennsylvania oil regions. On seven occasions, he says, the half-breed told him in advance what would be found in the wells he was drilling. In one instance, acting on the half-breed's advice, he got his employers to move the location of a rig several hundred feet, where a good well was struck. Later a well was drilled on the original location, and it was the only dry hole drilled in that locality. Four years are the half-breed told Bell that there was a rich oil pool in the Kinzua Valley, in rich oil pool in the Kinzua Valley, in s now the Watsonville belt in McKean

well as anybody and waved him away. Two years later the pool was found by wildcatters, and during the last six menths several wells have been drilled at Wastonville that started off at a thousand barrels a day. It is a small pool, but a very rich one.

The unique oil smeller of them all was killed by the care in West Virginia a few weeks ago. He was John Moorman, an old Swiss, who was reputed for his ability to locate paying oil wells. The big gusher drilled by the Lubeck Oil Company at Cairo, W. Va., was located by Moorman, and he was known all over the West Virginia field as the smeller. Many of the best wells about Cairo were located by him, and he amassed a fortune. His fee for locating a well was \$100, and he often received handsome special fees from lucky operators. He used a queer instrument to locate wells. It was a little brown jug in the shape of a plumb ball, and contained a mineral substance which, when held over any liquid exceptioil, remained perfectly still, but, as soon as a vessel containing oil was placed under, swayed to and fro, it was not until after his death that the public was allowed to examine the queer instrument, and the oil men who saw it and watched its workings went away puzzled. 'Any of the wells located by Moorm n were in wildcat territory, and it is doubtful it any other oil smeller ever gained half of the notoricity that he achieved.

The hazel twig and neach tree fork manipulators were all skilful, at least as far as manipulating the rods was concerned, and at one time many oil operators placed implicit confidence in the abilities of the men who handled them to locate good wells. The divining rod, as it was called, is a forked sick, held by the extermity of each prong of the fork in a paculiar way, the palms of the hand being upward, and the prong in each hand being held by the finance in the abilities of the miner has being upward, and the prong in each hand being held by the finance and as he approached the greatost body of oil in the inomediate locality the handle of the f

ENGINES WITH INDIVIDUALITY. The Old Wood Burners Were Locomotives of

Character, by Cinders. RUCKSPORT Me. Oct. 22. The through after noon freight had just pulled in on the siding, and Larrabee, the oldest engineer on the line, dropped down from his cab and strolled into the roundhouse while the fireman took 145 up to the coal sheds for her daily rations. The vet eran driver sat down upon the grimy settle in the yard engine's stall, carefully filled his briar wood with properly pulverized plugent, and, having insured a good draught and clean fire sattled back to enjoy himself with comfort,

He puffed away in silence for a time, r garding through the smoke wreathes the semi ircle of stalls before him, each with its big Mogul or high Schenectady peering out from inder the arched front like so many huge may tiffs in their kennels. Then he broke out with: "They're handsome and powerful an' can go the timenation and pull a mountain, but they're ust alike; they lack individuoality. There's

no individeeality to 'em, none of 'em.' One or two cleaners, several enginemen off duty, a lounger or two, and a reporter gathered around as Larrabee went on to explain with rather startling examples what he meant by "individuoality" in locomotives.

"In the good old, smoky, wood-burner day the engines were just like persons; all had different quirks an' notions an' constitu-tions, an' tempers, an' you had to git used to 'em or else you couldn't do nothing with 'em. All of 'em had individuoality in them days, yes-

sir, individuoality.
"About the first of my riding on the righthand side of the cab was done for the G. and P. on the little branch about eleven miles long unning from Tarrytown Junction down to Duck Trap harbor at tidewater. I used tohave a different engine about every week or two, because the company seemed to think that any old stove was good enough for that line. Now there was old 23, running there when I

was first seni down. She was an' old settler—
run there so long that she was jest like a milkman's hoss. Why, she'd run clear'n from the
junction to the harbor without any one touching the throttle or lever and make all the regular stops herself and start up agin when she
heard the bell, and, perhaps you don't believe it,
she'd stop at a red flag herself, and you couldn't
git her by one, neither. She had brains, by
cinders, she did.

"But she was obstinate, turrible obstinate,
regular sneet-from mule, 23 was, and bound to
have her way and the same old way, too. Now
I don't s'pose you'll believe what I'm going to
tell ye, but if my old fireman, Bill Mulligan, was
alive, he'd bear me out in it. Wall, you see,
there was a bad piece o' grading down through
Crambry holler, sorter quaking ma'sh like, and
the comp'ny built a new piece was let into'th'
main line me'n ol' 23 come down as usual with
the regular train, and what'd you s'pose she
did but jump the rails when she come to that
new piece and keep right down through the
holler on the old grade, by cinders. Fact,
Yessir. Some of the way there was rails and
some nothing but the ties, but bumpety-whack,
bumpety-whack she went like all possessed. I
threw her over and shut off steam, but sie had
the bit in her teeth, an' she went a hyperin'
For more'n a month we had a tussle every
trip to, keep her form scooting down through

bumpety-whack she went like all possessed. I threw her over and shut off steam, but she had the bit in her teeth, an' she went a-hyperin'. By cindera, that was exciting.

"For more'n a month we had a tussle every trip to keep her from scooting down through the holler, stead o' going round the new way.

"Then we had 88 a while, and she was a curus machine—an invalid, and fussy as my o' woman. She was nice to look at, most new, with lots of brass work, but turrible hard t' git along with. In nice, bright, sunshiny weather shed run as elegant as you please and make time sometimes in spite of all I could do. But let a long rainy or forgy spell come up, then shed suffer. She'd cough an' wheeze, an' sneeze, an' cough, and have the azmy jest awful. She wouldn't steam nor take oil nor nothin', an' on top of all her other afflictions she'd have a hemorrhage every once in a while, yes-sir—tubes would spring a leak and stall us jest where, we happened to be. An' sne was awful perticklar about her feed—had t' give 'er jest so many sticks o' wood jest so often, and there was jest one tenk on th' line where she'd take water and steam on it, and that was at the Tin Bridge over Hoggy Crick. If we filled her up with water from the same crick down to the Snake Hill tank she'd foam an' fuss all day. Wall, 88 was too delikit for that run, and they sent 'er up in th' mountains to recooperate.

"After 88' we had 92'. She was a short, stubby chunk of an engine, sound and kind, but terribly lazy and an awful slipper. She had lots of individeoality, too. She could puil as much as any other engine on the road of her cylinders, but she wouldn't, steam easy as could be. We got out of wood one day and kept up steam for most an hour on a chew or terbacker and an o' broom, yes, sir.

"An' slip—what an awful slipper, She had lots of individeoality, too. She could puil as much as any other engine on the road of her cylinders, but she wouldn't, steam easy as could be. We got out of wood one day and kept up steam for most an hour on a chew or te

RICHMOND AND QUEENS.

Richmond and Queens were two of the origi-

Differences in Two Boroughs That Will De Part of the Greater New York.

nal counties of New York established in No vember, 1683, more than 200 years ago. Under the charter of the Greater New York the whole of Richmond county becomes a part of the caarged city, while the most thickly populated portion of Queens county becomes the Borough of Queens. The framers of the new charter en deavored, so far as practicable, to deal with all civic divisions of the Greater New York with fairness and impartiality, doing injury and done the same rule was applied to all the boroughs, but the difference between the Borough of Richmond and the Borough of Queens was such that this was not allogether an easy task, as a little examination will show. The area of the Borough of Richmond is 36,000 acres; the area of the Borough of Queens 36,000 acres; the area of the Borough of Queens is 80,000 acres, or considerably more than double the area of Richmond. The population of Richmond, however, is 65,000, whereas that of the Borough of Queens is 118,000, showing that the former, though it has no large city is the more thickly populated of the two. Richmond, though less than half the size of Queens, has a larger bonded debt, and necessarily, too, a lorger debt per capita. Richmond owes \$1,800,000, mb; the Borough of Queens owes \$1,800,000, mb; the Borough of Queens owes \$1,800,000,000. The assessed value of real estate in Richmond county is \$20,000,000, whereas the assessed value of real estate in Queens is \$60,000,000. The latter borough, therefore, with less delattant the former, has three times as large assets while the personal property held in the Borough of Queens is ten times greater than the amount held in Richmond.

AT THE CITY PICKING YARD.

TONS OF REFUSE ARE SORTED DAILY AND MOST OF IT IS SOLD.

The Largest Yield Is of Paper-Next is the Rag Deposit-Old Stats Are Sold for Two Cents Aplece-A Picturesque But Dusty Field for the Impressionist-Money in City Rubbish.

subject for an artist. This bint is not for the man who has enough subjects for his immediate use. It is for the man who is so hard up for a thing to paint that he won't mind working with his lungs half full of dust and his nostrils a prey to odors unlike those of Araby the blest. The picking yard is one of Col. Waring's pets. A few more picking yards and the street cleaning isn't going to cost the city one cent. Still a few more, perhaps, and there may be an annual Christmas present for every child in town. There is no telling. At present the Eighteenth street yard is the only one in active operation. But two more yards will shortly be added unto t, and in the course of time we shall all wear

diamonds. Under the old order of street cleaning everything went to the scows-everything, that is, which the ragpickers did not pilfer from the barrels on the sidewalk. Under the present system it is possible to collect separately the refuse which would not go in with the garbage or with the ashes. It is this refuse, from a certain district, which goes to the picking yard. The district gleaned by the Eighteenth street yard oxtends, roughly speaking, from Ninth street and Broadway north to Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue and east to the river.

This is not considered the most valuable source of pickings. The chief returns from this district come from a few large dry goods houses. For merly one of these houses paid to have the refuse paper and scraps taken away. Now the city's carts call twice a day and take the stuff away for nothing, and there is profit in it, too. The refuse is almost entirely paper of good grades and quite clean. The dry goods houses bale it loosely or stuff it into immense sacks, so that it is easily handled.

As said before, this district does not yield the

est possible returns. The uptown residence localities are the most profitable. The things thrown away there are of better quality and can easily be returned into circulation.

More than half the yard at Eighteenth street s under cover, but the shed thus formed is open t the sides except where the high fence shuts

is under cover, but the shed thus formed is open at the sides except where the high fence shuts it off. From the street. The place was at its busiest one stamy afternoon last week. At one corner of the yard the great crematory puffed and tanted. An iron stack at one side stretched 160 feet up into the sir and then emitted a faint, thin smoke. A other shorter pipe sent out clouds of white steam.

In the open yard were heaps of old iron, stacks of barrels, bins full of empty bottles, and other classified debris. Under the great roof were bales of paper, bits of scarlet and blue and green flaring out at their sides. Back in the shadows were dim heaps of rags, rolls of old carpet, and a medley of dilapidated apparel.

But the centre of the see e was under the long roof which stretches from one end of the yard to the crematory. An occasional ray of sunshine found its way through the roof, and the particles of dust were so thick that the sunbeam looked almost like a solid substance. Under this long roof ran what, at first glance, looked like a table about three feet wide. The sides were of wood, but the middile was a wide canvas belt which travelled ou rollers. Twenty-five men and boys stood along it, poking and turning over the stuff has it was carried by, and recovering from it some particular variety of refuse.

At the end furthest from the crematory a man threw spadefuls of refuse upon the belt. After the stuff had run the gauntlet and the articles of some value had been gleaned, the rest of it fell from the moving belt into the furnace of the crematory and was consumed. The furnace feeds itself and also generates steam. At the foot of the tall smokestack was a heap of fine, dusty ash, It was all that remained of the burned feeds itself and also generates steam.

feeds itself and also generates steam. At the foot of the tall smokestack was a heap of fine, dusty ash. It was all that remained of the burned refuse of the day before. Occasionally a small scrap of melted from or glass will come out, but for the most part everything which goes into the furnace is reduced to a fine ash, and very little of that.

Each man who watches the moving belt with its heap of rubbish is on the aler; for one thing, or one class of things. As there is more paper than anything else, one mish will look out for a single grade of paper. Hats, shoes, brushes, and bottles not being so common, one man can get

bottles not being 50 common, one man can get them all. The paper men are those at the be-ginning of the belt, because the paper hides the other things. Next come the rag gatherers, and finally the bottles and shoes and heavier things are caused. re caught. All the stuff recovered is classified and is sold

All the stuff recovered is classified and is sold at a fixed rate, For instance, the paper is divided into newspaper, mixed newspaper, manila, and strawboard. The rags are graded as woollen, white, black, and mixed. Under this head also come twine and bargine. White rags bring \$1.75 a hundredweight. Black rags bring \$1.75 a hundredweight. Black rags bring only 20 cents, and mixed ones bring \$0 cents. Carpets are classified as "soft back," "hard back," "linsey," and "all wool." Soft back carpets bring \$2.65 a hundredweight. All wool ones bring \$2.65 a hundredweight. All wool ones bring \$2.65 a hundredweight. All wool ones bring \$2.65 a hundredweight, and are made into fertilizer. The better ones bring 9 cents a pair.

There is an extensive yield of bottles, but the demand does not could the supply. There are 60.000 now stored at the yard. They are classified as lager, sods, quarts, siphons, and milk bottles. They average 1 cent apiece; but milk bottles, bring 2 cents. Curled hair is sold at its bottles bring 2 cents. Curled hair is sold at its

fled as larger, soda, quarts, siphons, and milk bottles. They average I cent apiece; but milk bottles bring 2 cents. Carled hair is sold at 9 cents a pound. Rubbert's divided into good at 4 cents a pound, white talso at 4 cents, and medium (at 3 cents). Old from brings \$4 a ton. Brass sells at 5 cents a pound, copper at 9 cents, zinc at 2% cents, lead at 3% cents, and powter at 10 cents. The powter crop comes mainly from the cheap restaurants, whose spoons and old casters find their way sometimes to the yard. The cans sell at \$4 a load. They are sold to people who extract the solder, combine the tin with pig from and make it into sash weights. Old hets are lumped at 2 cents a piece. Brushes bring 5 or 6 cents apiece. Excelsior sells at 2 cents a pound.

on note are imped at 2 cents a piece. Brushes bring 5 or 6 cents apoece. Excelsior sells at 2 cents a pound.

During one week recently the yard sold 82,320 pounds of paper, 6,000 pounds of rags, 75 hundredweight of carpet, 3,000 pounds of shore, 40 pairs at 9 cents a pair, 11,871 bottles, 100 hats, and 200 barrels. This does not include all the items disposed of, but gives some idea of what is recovered at that one yard.

A good many queer things come to light in the course of a week, but very few things are preserved. In the office there is a pile of books, all of them in excellent condition. Our in the shed are bales of books, may of them showing the gilt of their edges gleaning through the dust which settles everywhere. A groat many letters come in, and the inspectors occasionally pick up one and read it. They often find anusement in these stray epistics, but they consign the leaves to the bales or the crematory. Hanging on one of the posts was an old-fashioned photograph of two children The dresses and the oval gift frame were of the type of thirty years ago. On another

Hanging on one of the posts was an old-fashioned photograph of two children. The dresses and, the oval gilt frame were of the type of thirty years ago. On another post was a mirror without a crack. Two baby shoes, not foo far gone to have lost their charm, were set at one side. A registration card thir terefout at the reporter's feet. Beside it by a scrap of a letter. Only one line, or rather a part of a line, was visible. It said: "Please remit at once." A long ribbon from the ticker was tangled in with the heap. "Negotiations pending for the sale of heavy securities." It rang then lost itself in the folds of an old apron. Close to the travelling belt are the presses are alled, and the contents quickly baled. About thirty-six bales of paper are recovered every day. Mesnwhile the other refuse is carried to the various heaps. An occasional cart comes for a load of barrels or for kindling wood for the section stations. At the other gate the car's bring in the loads they have gathered. One of the dry goods houses alone sends twenty immense sacks of paper and rags every day. Another item of receint is the tobacco stems from the cigar and cigarette factories. These come spectately, so that they do not have to be sorted. They are shipped South, where they are used for fertilizing.

The dost seemed to grow worse and worse.

rately, so that they do not have to be sorted. They are shipped South, where they are used for fertilizing.

The dast seemed to grow worse and worse. The city impector the place is now run by a contractor) said that he did not mind it, however. He used to be inspector at the dumps, though, and so the picking yard seemed any and sweet to him. He said that the halisms who do the sorting don't seem to mind the dust, and that nething in the refuse is too dirty for them to bundle. There's only one thing they want stand and that is human bones. If they run across what they think is a human bone they will drop everything and leave. The plating yard, however, is not prelifie of bones. According to the inspector, the palmy days of the discovery of human remains, even at the dumps, has deserted. Certainly the refuse which is picked over at the yard has clean as refuse could possibly be. And if one doesn't mind dust or can breathe through a wet sponge, an impressionistic artist might look further and fare worse for a subject for a picture.

Probably not one man in a thousand know where the Boulevard Lafayette is. It is sometimes spoken of as the French Boulevard. It starts from the Western Boulevard, the boule vard of the bicyclists, at about 156th street, and vard of the bicyclists, at about 156th street, and runs in a curving, generally northerly direction, not far from the North River up to Inwood. There are forest trees along the rising ground that slopes up in many parts on the side of the avenue away from the water, and these are getting, beautiful, now with their autumn tints. There are very few houses along the Boulevard Lafayette. There is a sidewalk but the roadway is not completed yet. The boulevard is in some of its parts much higher than Riverside Drive, and some of the ylews of the Hudson to be had from it are superb. DORMITORIES AT HARVARD.

One View of the Erection of the Handso New Halls by Private Enterprise

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 23 .- The erection of several very expensive dormitories at Harvard has raised an interesting question that affects the economic side of college life and may have an Important influence on the welfare of the university itself. Because of the rapid growth of Har Away over in East Eighteenth street there is vard in the last decade, it was found necessary to increase the accommodation for students. The old dormitories in the college yard and the few outside dormitories in the course yard and the few outside dormitories owned by the univers-ity were already taxed to their utmost capac-ity. In 1800, by the gift of Walter Hastings Hall, a large and commodious structure, room was obtained for nearly 100 students, and in 1804. Perkins and Conant halls were built, the gift of two admirers of the university. Since then the university has caused to be built not a single dormitory.

On the comorphic of the wealther students, have built several modern and costly halls, have built several modern and costly halls, here was the ligst dormitory of this kind to built. Then followed Claverly, Ware, Quincy, here was the ligst dormitory of this kind to built. Then followed Claverly, Ware, Quincy, here was the ligst dormitory of this kind to built. Then followed Claverly, was the process of the state of th

Desire of Farmers to Get Out of Debt Has From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The story of the farmer who went into a bank at El Dorado this week and drew a pistol on the cashler to make him accept \$1,600 and deliver up his mortgage may seem improbable. But this action was only an exaggerated instance of what is going on all over Kansas. "Liquidation" is the cry. These farmers are as anxious to get out of debt as they were to get into debt a few years ago. The new movement amounts to a mania. Some of the mortgage companies are trying to check it. They are demanding affidavits that the money tendered in payment of a mortgage was realized from crops raised on the land incumbered before they will accept it and release the bond. The State makes it it and release the bond. The State makes it obligatory on the loaning company to accept partial payments on a nortgage whenever the debtor wishes. It now appears that some of the companies inserted in the body of their mortgage forms a provision that the money so paid must come from cross raised on the mortgage forms a provision that the money so paid must come from cross raised on the mortgage land. Presumably this was put in by the loan companies to protect themselves against each other. They thought they foresaw the time when Kanasas mortgages might be in demand, and when the opportunity to refund at lower rates of interest might prompt debtors to transier from one lende to another. So they devised this peculiar slipulation to prevent throat-cutting in the loaning business. Now the clause in small type is being invoked to discourage the litting of mertgages. The companies are insisting that the farmers shall prove that the money they offer was obtained from the land mortgaged. They are requiring sworm statements to this effect. Such a provision might not stand the test of the courts. But the farmers are so anxious to get clear that, without disputing the regulity of the provision, they are laying down the cash and the required affidavit with it to take up their notes. Four of these affidavity in the litto take up their notes. obligatory on the loaning company to accept out disputing the legality of the provision, they are laying down the cash and the required affidavit with it to take up their notes. Four of these affidavits to lift as many mortgages were made in the Kansas town of Hillsboro a few days ago. The lawyer who was called upon to draw one of the instruments felt the humor of the situation. His client presented to the agent of the losn company a paper to this effect:

"John Doc of Blank county, State of Kansas, being duly sworn, makes oath that he is the owner of the northeast quarter of acction 8, township 17, range 6; that on or about the 1st of August, 1896, he dot plough forty acres of said quarter, and did harrow and pulverize the same; that in September of said year he did sow three-quarters of a bushel of seed wheat to the acre on said land; that in September and October of said year said seed wheat did germinate and grow; that through the following months said wheat continued to grow and to prosper until June. 1897, when it reached maturity; that in June said wheat was harvested, and when thrashed yielded 33 bushels to the acre; that afflant hands said crop of wheat to town and sold it to one Richard Roe, miller, who paid for the same 73 cents a bushel. Afflant further deposes that the money herewith tendered in payment of the mortgage on the aforesaid quarter section of land is part of the money received from the said Richard Roe for the hereinbefore mentioned crop of wheat. And afflant prays that said money be accepted and the mortgage on and land released.

The story of the El lorado mortgage released for cash at the muzzle or a bulldog pistol does not seem so incredible when bona-fide affidiavita of the character described are dided as exhibits of the character described are dided as exhibits of the character described are dided as exhibits of the new Kansas craze to get out of debt.

Canada's Latest Steps to Save Her Forests. OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 23.-The Government has ecided upon a change of policy regarding the timber regulations applicable to the Northwest and Manitoba, the aim being to maintain permanent timber reserves. The heavy timber belts will be withdrawn from settlement to pro-serve the young growing trees and to foster a growth to provide for the future. Guardians will be appointed to protect the reserves, particularly at Moose and Turtle mountains, from fire, and to prevent the cutting of the young trees by the settlers.

the settlers.

It is the purpose to lay out a proper fire guard, a considerable sum having been appropriated last session for this purpose. On the tops of these reserves are numerous little lakes, which will be connected with wide roads, so as to form a complete barrier against tire.

JUST A KINK IN HIS BRAIN.

IN AN INSANE ASYLUM. He Is Same Apparently on All Points Save That He Does Not Know Who He Is and Can't Tell Anything About Himself-In Constant

Demand, Nevertheless, as an Entertainer Three years ago a little, wiry man, with jet black hair and flashing black eyes, was comgreatest ocean mysteries known to the scientific world." It told of the strange natives found mitted to one of the New York State insanc asylums. He had been picked up by the conthere, of the wonderful stone statues that were stable of a village not a dozen miles from Bing-hamton, and, because he couldn't tell his name strewn about, and of other marvels that were or anything else about himself, was pronounced insane by the local Medical Board, After a week in the village lockup he was transferred to the big State asylum, where he has been ever since. Among all the 2,500 inmates of the institu

tion, there was not one who appeared to be as rational as the peculiar little stranger. According to custom, he was put in a ward on his arrival, where he could be watched closely and every phase of his malady studied. For days ne remained in the ward, busying himself in various ways, but showing no signs of demen-tia. The little duties he was called upon to do he performed cheerfully and well. His companions in the ward were better for his presence, for he could sing well and talk interestingly on almost all subjects, from politics to literature, and was altogether the brightest, breeziest pa tient that had come into the institution in years. Two weeks passed without any signs of in sanity on the part of the strange patient. Then he was called into the superintendent's office and examined with a view to releasing him if he seemed to be perfectly sane. The man answered all questions satisfactorily until he was asked to tell his name. Then a strange light came into his eyes as he ran his hands through his han and appeared to be in deep thought. "That's the strangest part of it," be said

finally. "I really don't know." "Don't you know where you came from I asked one of the doctors. "No, I don't," answered the man; "my mind

is a complete blank." "Weil, do you regard yourself as insane !" "Something must be wrong with me," said the man. "I do not recall any accident which could make me forget things. I guess I must be wrong in the head, I have visions sometimes, but they're disconnected, and I forget

them once they're over."

"I have no other place to go to." So the man was allowed to stay, and he has been an inmate of the asylum ever since. He was classified as harmless, and was allowed to have the freedom of the buildings and the grounds. There has been no more inte esting patient in the asylum. He read the povers. keeping abreast of the times, and could discuss intelligently any of the questions of the day. Visitors have always refused to believe that he was insane until they asked him his name. Then that strange light in his eyes, the trick of running his hands through his bair, and finally his invariable "I'm sure I don't know" would convince them. Long ago the asylum authorities gave up all

idea of finding the man's friends or relatives. They were more than paid for the man's keep by the little duties he performed. He had a good influence on the violent patients, and was an all-around valuable assistant to the keepers and physicians. The mystery surrounding him was never entirely cleared up, but several weeks ago an incident occurred which brought back to the man's memory a little of his hast life and was directly responsible for making him quite a social favorite among the people in the nearby villages and towns.

was directly responsible for making him quite a social favorite among the people in the nearby villages and towns.

It has been a custom at the asylum to give an entertainment about once a month for the amusement of the patients. Sometimes it is a dance, sometimes a performance, usually consisting of recitations, readings, and music. About a month ago a magician who was performing with a variety company at Binghamton voluntered to go up to the asylum and amuse the immates with a few simple tricks. His offer was accepted, and on the night of the entertainment the big dining room was crowded with patients and keepers.

The magician was a talkative young man, but did his tricks well and was applianded. Encouraged by his success, he ventured out into the audience and proceeded to extract variety sarticles from the pockets, noses and mouths of the patients.

articles from the potents, abuse and the patients.

All this time the nameless patient had been sitting in a corner by himself. He watched every move the magician made and seemed to quiver with suppressed excitement. Finally the the performer spice him and walking over, said:

"Stand up, my friend, and hold this \$10 bill a manual."

moment.
The little man stood up and took the proffered bill.
"Now," began the magician, "I will show you how easy it is to——Hold on, there! Where's tig bill! the hill f.

The note which the patient had been helding. In plain sight in his extended hand had suddenly disappeared. The little man hadn't made a move, but when the magnitud neananded his money he bowed, walked over to a patient, and apparently patient a roll of bits from the man's pocket. The magician almost feil over with surprise. Then he straightened himself up and, resolving not to be outdone by any lunatic coolly counted the bills which the little man had handed bim.

There's only \$9 here," he said. "Where's "There's only \$9 here," he said. "Where's the other dollar?"
The little man stepped forward, and, raising the marician's coat coller, extracted a dollar note from it.

"We'll done," said the magician. Then, turning to one of the doctors, he remarked; "This closes my part of the show. I dimit expect you to ring in a man on me like this.
"But I assure you, sir," said the doctor, "we are amazed ourselves. The man is a patient for and never showed any ability in your line before,"

bere and never showed any ability in your line before."

While the two were talking the little man was going around among the ratients, changing the searf pins of those who had such trinkets and keeping them in shrieks of laughter by his wonderful definees. He tied handker hiefs into knots and then threw them into the air so that when they fell they were united again, Getting a handful of quarters from a keeper, he proceeded to paim them and do other tricks. He thusly sat down, and the magican, who had been convinced that no trick ad been played upon hm, went on with his performance in a half-hearted way.

Since that day the little man has been amusing the patients, keepers, doctors, and every-

half-hearted way.

Since that day the little man has been amusing the patients, keepers, doctors, and everybody else with his sleight of hims performances, the is really a wonderful magician, but the strange thing about it is his claim that he had forgottes he could do such things outil the entertainer's work brought it all back to him again. He says that he thinks he must have been a magician up to the time his brain went back on him. All efforts to get the man to tell where he got the ten \$1 bils, which he used in his trick on the other magician, have been in vain. He will not tell, either what he did with the \$10 bill. So far as the asylum authorities know, the man never had any money.

The fame of the asylum magician has travelled all through the surrounding country and he is in constant cemand at parties. The asylum people are greatly interested in him and have provided him with a dress suit. They have to to get some track of his friends through inistatest development, but so far have heard nothing.

BOYS PLAYING WITH HYPNOTISM A New Came Popular with the Pupils in the

Public Schools at Stamford. STAMPORD, Oct. 23.-Physicians and teach how they can put a stop to a game that has be come popular among schoolboys. The geninvolves experiments in hypnotism and such the teachers have announced that hypnotic performances during the recess hours would not be permitted.

A physician who watched the boys perforn recently turned to a friend and exclaimed. "This is indeed wonderful, but it should be stopped." In the group of boys, none of whom appeared to be more than 11 years of age, one

stopped. In the group of boys, none of whom appeared to be more than 11 years of age, one was making passes with his hands and addressing another boy in an earnest tone. The subject yields it the superior will of the operator in about the same manner as subjects to at public performances.

"What is your name?" asked the operator. "Why, you cannot speak," he continued, and the subject, whose face lacked expression tried in vain to articulate. The other boy slocked on much amused, and some of them were awaiting their turn to see what they could do in the rôle either of hypnotizer or hymotized. Among the pupils, as might be expected, are many boys who are very easily hypnotised.

The teachers of the schools say that they have watched the work with interest and purpose that if any hypnotism is going to be bracheed upon the pupils they will take a hand in it, if they can exert sufficient influence upon the boys to induce them to spead their time and thought in the study and investigation of the branches of useful knowledge that are taught in the schools they will be artisfied.

Miss Emma Baldwin, the principal of the Centre School, said that she intended to ston hypnotism among her pupils, as many of the boys had become so excited after the experiments that they were not able to concentrate their minds on their studies.

THE HERALD'S GREAT FIND.

True Inwardness of the Discovery of Day son's feland, the Ocean Mystery. MYSTERY OF A SUPPOSED MAGICIAN The Herald has been the victim of a wicker story that was concected for the money it would bring. The invention, with the pictures that adorn it, filled three-fourths of a page of last Sunday's issue. It was a nice little romance of the Discovery of Dawson's Island in the Pacific, which "has for years been one of the

> very entertaining in their way.
>
> The story is told by the man who made these timely and useful discoveries. He is "Prof. timely and useful discoveries. He is "Prof. Frederick Alleson of the Berlin Geographical Society." It happens that the Verhandlungen of that society, at regular intervals, prints the names of all its members. Somehow the name of Prof. Frederick Alleson has been omitted from the list, though, the Herald says, he "has for years been making a study of that vast region comprising the Central Pacific. strange that his name has not appeared in any

of the geographical publications. There are two islands in the Pacific named Dawson, but the professor's great find is not one of them. It is a physical law that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, but the professor's "Dawson Island" is an exception to this law. The first joke he played upon the *Herald* was to f(x) the island's position in about 26° S. lat., 109° W. long. That happens to be the position occupied by Easter Island, famous for its big stone statues, whose origin is in-deed a mystery, for the Polynesians who now

its big stone statues, whose origin is indeed a mystery, for the Polynesians who now inhabit the lonely little rock could never have made them. So the professor didn't invent his story out of whole cloth, but founded it on the solid hasis of Easter Island. When he wrote Dawson he was thinking of Easter; and the island that for years has been "one of the greatest ocean mysteries" is the home of French missionaries who have lived there for twenty-two years, and have converted the natives to Christianity.

Neither did the professor draw upon his imagination for the beautiful pictures that embellish his story. He gives a fine view of 'the eastern shore' of the island, which is, in reality, a picture of Diamond Head, the promontery near Honolulu, Hawaii, known to travellers the world over. Then he shows a picture labelled "Grand Court at Elevation of 1,200 feet," which, as a matter of fact, is a falthful and well-known representation of a Zuni pueblo down in New Mexico. Why didn't the professor steal pictures of objects that are not so widely known? He tells of a wonderful cave he discovered, and his picture of its entrance was made from a photograph of the celebrated Casa Bianca cliff dwelling. All archeologists are familiar with this picture and also with that of the Walphi Moqui Pueblo, which the professor has drafted into service as a "Prehistoric Castle Overlooking Volcanic Ravine;" and, last but not least, his fifth work of art, "The Statue on Pinnacle of Cliff," is from a photograph of the Vuratan statue of Chaak Mool, now in the National Museum in the city of Mexico, a small moviel of which is in the Museum of Natural History in this city. The picture of the statue also appears in Susan Hale's "Story of Mexico."

We now know the ingredients required to provide a giartling solution of a great ocean

We now know the ingredients required to provide a startling solution of a great ocean mystery. Take one short encyclopedia article and expand and lie about it to the extent of and expanse and he about it to the extent of two newspaper columns; steal one photograph from Hawaii, three from the Pueblo and cliff dwellines regions of our own country, and one from Yucatan; confide the whole to the keeping of an alleged professor from Berlin, and there you have it. It will fill three-quarters of a page of the Heraid for the call, htenment of its Sun-day readers.

WARD'S STORY OF BILL JOYCE.

How "Scrappy" Enjoyed a Melodrama in the Hour of Dire Defeat. At the banquet tendered to "Scrappy Bill' Joyce in Harlem not long ago, John Montgomery Ward told the following anecdote, which is worth repeating: "When I was the captain of the Brooklyn

Players' League team in 1890 Bill Joyce was my trusted lieutenant. We were second in the race when the season was half over, and the tension was pretty strong. Every game counted, as the big Boston team was in the lead and we were close behind. We were on a Western trip and were playing in Pittsburg. The first game was disastrous for the Brooklyns, as Gus Weyhing, our star pitcher, was hammered all over the field. Hemming, Murphy, and Sowders, the other pitchers, were all in good shape, and when Hemming was selected to occupy the box in the second game on the following day, we were very confident. Hemming, however, was an easy mark, and Pittsburg won again in a walk.

"The two defoats were especially hard for our earnest friend, Scrappy, to bear, and he was in the dumps for keeps. Af er our second defeat we were invited to go to the theatre that night, and all the boys, including Scrappy, went. We sat in a private box, and saw one of those ordine blood-curfdling melodramas, in which the heroline was getting an awful deal all around, Everybody secand to be giving her the worst of it, and the boor thing was nearly ready to die of grief. Women in the audience were using handkerchiefs freely, and strong men were wiping tears away. The ball players, too, were affected. Hig Dave Orr dashed a tear away with his brawny elbow; Ed Andrews had his hand-kerchief in action: Emmet Seery was feeling the field. Hemming, Murphy, and Sowders, the his brawny clbow; Ed Andrews had his hand-kerchief in metion; Emmet Seery was feeling badly, and Comic Murphy was sniffling. I could feel the tears coming in my cyes, too, and it was no wonder, for the play was very sad. "Suddenly Bill Joyce, who had been gazing blankly at the singe all the time, shifted un-easily in his chair. The gang paid no attention to him, and I didn't look at him, although he pulled my arm. The dayers were all in the act of bawling right out in agonized grief, when the climax came. Scrappy leaned over to me and said in a house whisper: Say, Cap, if I was you I'd pitch this feller Sowders to morrow!"

FURS IN COLD STORAGE. Rugs and Carpets and Farniture Also Preserved

Raw furs have for some years been kept in cold storage pending shipment or manufacture, and fur garments and other things have also been stored in this manner, but never so extensively here as this year, when a safe deposit company of the city devoted two large rooms to the cold storage of things subject to damage by moths, including furs, carpets,

clothing, rugs, furniture, and curtains, A

rafe deposit company in Washington has for

clothing, rugs, furniture, and curtains. A safe deposit company in Washington has for two or three years provided cold storage for articles of this character. The success attending the similar enterprise here has been such as to lead the company engaged in it to set apart more room for this branch next year.

The rooms now used are high, and lighted, as all cold storage rooms are, by electric lights, which can be turned on from the outside. There is a window in the thick, heavy door through which the interior of the room can be seen. Originally one use of the window in storage room doors was to enable a person outside to see, without entering the room, a thermometer inside. Thermometers are still kept in cold storage rooms, but there are newadays appliances by masses of which the temperature of a room is recorded also on a thermometer placed in the engine room of the plant.

While commercial storage is a part of the business, the greater space is occupied by the property of individual owners, for garments, and so or. These are all inspected by a furrier before they are placed in storage, and they are taken out for delivery in the fall. Furgarments are suspended on hangers, which are hang on clonk racks, each rack, with the cloaks upon it, being then covered over with sheeting. There are noulf racks, a row of them, with tiers of projecting plan, each plu holding a moff.

In one of these rooms there is a set of tapestry-covered turniture of great value. There are many fracks, a row of them, with tiers of projecting plan, each plu holding a moff.

In one of these rooms there is a set of tapestry-covered turniture of great value. There are many far cases and riving of other kinds. Many of the fur rugs are spread on flat frames imported on racks, and riving in tiers one above the other, the heads of bears and tiegers and other minns and each of animals.

A SOCIABLE GRAY SQUIRREL, Frolies of a Pe: of the Children Sear the Shrepfold in Contrat Park.

A gray squirrel that has a nest near the sheep fold in Central Park, just above Seventy-second street, affords rare enjoyment newadays for the young folks and their ciders. This particular squirrel is just as lively and froliceous as any of the red squirrels that abound in the city of the red squirrels that abound in the city pleasure ground, but unlike them has entirely lost his fear of park visitors, and makes it a practice to scamper hither and thithyralong the promessed in search of presents of nois from the children. He scampers close to the feet of the little folks, then sits up on his haunch and looks up expectantly at the girl or boy, and darts off to nearly bush to deposit the nut, only to extend for nore.

With visitors sitting on benches he is even more friendly, and will often allow women to stroke his allvery fur. There is sure to be a cowed around whenever the squirrel indulges in these exhibitions of companionship with the visitors, but he is sever modested by a yone. In fact, he is so much of a net of the younger public as are the monkeys in the menagerie, and he receives just as much attention.

WAYS OF THE WOODCOCK. CONNECTICUT HUNTERS COMPLAIN

OF A POOR SEASON.

They Say Their New Game Law Is Simply Birds for New Yorkers to Shoot— Weedcack Shooting in the Past— Things That Make the Woodcock Unique.

HARTFORD, Oct. 23.-The new Connecticut game law protected game much later than usual this fall. The close season did not end until yesterday, and then for only two months. There is an abundance of partridges and squir-rels in certain districts, but the whistle of the shy, handsome, and greatly prized woodcock is conspicuous by its absence. The woodcock have made the most of the opportunity offered by the moonlight nights of this month and are now well out of the State, Ezra Norton of Hent an authority concerning game in his section of the State, says that the new law ought never to have applied to woodcock, as the flight birds have now either gone South or moved down into the shore towns along Long Island Sound or over into New York State, thus giving the hunters in those quarters an advantage over their brothers in Connecticut. The season for shooting woodcock in New York State opens on Aug. 16 and in New Jer-

sey on July 4; hence fault is found with the law by Connecticut hunters, who say that their State is simply raising birds for New York hunters to shoot. The law may be the means of increasing the number of woodcock in Con-necticut, but several years will be required to determine this. The hunters in the shore towns of Guilford, Clinton, and Madison say that the few woodcock now taken there are not even of Connecticut raising, but are flight birds from Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont.

Norton is an old woodcock hunter. He has been shooting these birds for nearly fifty years and he considers the woodcock as hard a bird to kill as a partridge, while it has the merit of being even more rare. "There wasn't much known about woodcock in this State when I began shooting them," said he the other day.
"In the early fall of 1841 a man named Cook, "In the early fall of 1841 a man named Cook, who belonged in Hartford, created a sensation among Connecticut hunters by going down on the Wethersfield meadows with a dog and shooting minety-six woodcock in one day. That was woodcock shooting. Things have changed since those days. I never heard of snap shooting for woodcock in this State before that time. A man would as soon think of throwing his powder and shot into Long Island Sound as of wasting it in making snap shots. Why, as late as along in the 50s I spent a few nights at Faukner's Island Lighthouse in the Sound one fall duck shooting, and while I was there serial woodcock were dazeled by the big lantern and flew into it and were killed. That light is a famous one for attracting birds at night. We cooked the woodcock and found them such delicious cating that we all became woodcock crazy, and when I got ashore I looked up an old hunter in Guilford by the name of Bassett whe had at that time quite a reputation in the town as a woodcock hunter. I asked him how he shot the birds. I don't expect you to believe me when I tell you what his answer was, but you must remember that woodcock were plenty then. He said that he never pretended to shoot woodcock except in their nesting time. He had discovered that at this time if his dog flushed one of the male birds it would shoot skyward with its musical whistle, calling its mate, and almost invariably would return in a few minutes and alight near its starting point. As soon as it alighted Bassett used to improve the opportunity to murder the bird where it stood. He had no idea then, nor had any of his neighbors, of wing shooting or of the proper season for shooting, nor even of the whereabouts of the bird after the first of July.

"The woodcock," continued Mr. Norton, "arrives as for north as Connecticut sometimes as early as February, and always in March. Consequently their broods are always fit for the table in July. Some people are so dainty that they won't eat woodcock unless shot in July. Such people would live o who belonged in Hartford, created a sensation

gold watches and tousted diamonds, I suppose, if they could. Any weedcock that files, no matter what its age, is a fit morsel for the biggest epicure in the world. Weedcock have been nearly exterminated in this State of late years. Twenty-five years ago I could take you to any number of sunny hillsides where you could bag anywhere from four to a dozen birds in a forencon. But you can't do that now. I have in mind a certain hill near Stony Creek where on one occasion I scared up twenty two woodcock. But that was years ago, of course.

"The woodcock is one of the ordest of birds. It has one of the sweetest whistles ever given

"The woodcock is one of the oldest of birds. It has one of the sweetest whisles ever given to any bird, a sound that once heard is never forgotten. Outside of the pleasure of bagging one of these wary, beautiful creatures after a struggle through briar and mud of perhaps half an hour in the endeavor to get a fair shot at it, I believe that its whistle is one of the woodcock's chief delights to the hunter. This whistle is made with the wings and not with the threat, as one would naturally suppose. The woodcock has such power in the use of its wings that the noise of its progress through the air has been likened to a feathered skyrocket. The whistle is made by a rotary movement of the wings in their cuick flashings, and it is a sound much more melodious and alluring to the sportsman's ear as the tone falls on the quiet autumnal air ear as the tone falls on the quiet autumnal air than the hollow booming of the drambeats of

than the hellow beaming or the acceptance the cock partridge on his log.

"Another odd thing about the woodcock is that it never turns its head to look behind it, any more than a fly does. Its eyes stand so far out from the sides of its head that rubber far out from the sides of its head that rubber far out from the part of the woodcock is unneces-

any more than a niv does. Its eyes stand so far out from the sides of its head that rubber far out from the part of the woodcock is unnecessary. This makes it difficult for any one to get the better of one of these birds if it sees you first. Their sight is so good and they have such control of their flight that they can plunge themselves and their long, awkward bills through the thickest cover of swamp land that ever grew at cannon-hall speed, and yet rarely ever come to grief in so doing.

"Then there is the trick the bird has of feeding by pight, making its flights by the full of the moon, and resting in dark covers on sunny hillsides by day. There is searcely a monlight season in the fall when I fail to find a namber of woodcock dead under the telegraph wires skirting the railroad track below my house, where they have fallen after flying headlong against the wires and being killed by the shock. However strong their range of vision by day, they do not seem to be able to discover so small an object as a telegraph wire in the moonlight. "Another peculiarity of this bird is the tell-tale evidence of its presence which it lays before the hunter whenever he enters upon its favorite feeding grounds in the meadlow. This evidence is the little anger-like holes in the soft soil where the bird has been boring with its long bill at night for its favorite food of earth worms. And yet the birds usually spend their days in the uplands at this season. Why they do not linger about their feeding grounds instead is something I have always wondered at. "But the woodcock's oldest trait," concluded the old sportsman, "is in its flight and in the war, you can never tell which way a woodcock is going when it rises. It may whize directly over your head with a note like the buzz of a young dynama, or flop into the distant brush and fool both you and your doe, or it hay shoot straight up into the air and hang here iong cnough to give you all the chance in the work of the prong does in the feed in the soil soil the woodcock carry off

CANADA'S ATLANTIC MAIL. Her Letter Service from Europe Will Probably Come via New York.

OTTAWA, Oct. 22.-Only one tenier has been received by the Dominion Government for the Atlantic mail service, and even that does not comply with the conditions laid down by the Government. The Allan and Dominion lines are auxious to secure a renewal of the contract, but on the same terms as in past years, that is, by making Portand. Me., their winter

that is, by making Portand, Me., their winter terminus, and calling at Halifax on the inward and outward trips.

The present Administration, however, has committed fixelf to the decision that the terminus on this side, both winter and summer, thust be a Canadian porr. Hence it will not accede to the expandation in the offer of the two big lines. From present appearances it is probable that the Government will depend this winter upon the freight lines from St. John and Halifax to carry the heavy mails, such as newspapers, book packages and parcels, and send letter mails via New York. Inder their contracts with the Government, the Beaver, Doualdson, Head, and Furness lines must carry an mail matter tendered them, without any charge to the country over and above the amount safe but the decision of the country over and above the amount safe and New York the tovernment would have to tay